And my liking goes not that way.

For. Well, I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare, Ile shew you wonders:
Ile shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. *Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*,
And you Master Doctor. (two

Sir Hu. If there be one in the company, I shall make

Doct. And dere be ven two, I sall make de tird.

Sir Hugh. In your teeth for shame.

Shal. Well, well, God be with you, we shall haue the fairer wooing at M. *Pages*.

Exit Shallow and Slender.

Host. Ile to my honest Knight sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit Host.*

For. I may chance to make him drink in pipe wine,
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Mistresse Foord, with two of her men, and a great Buck-basket.

Mis. For. Sirra, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Landerers,
I hope you know how to bestow it.

Ser. I warrant you Mistris. *Exit Seruant.*

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I shall serue you such a tricke,
You shall haue little minde to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenly Iewell?
Why now let me dye. I haue liued long enough,
This is the happy houre I haue desired to see,

Now

Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir *Iohn*?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Lady.

Mis. For. Alasse sir *Iohn*, I should be a very simple Lady.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eye doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,
Or any venetian attire, I see it.

M: For. A plaine kercher sir *Iohn* would fit me better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to say so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
There's some-what extraordinary in thee:
Goe too, I loue thee:
Mistris *Foord*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,
Like one of these fellowes that smels like
Bucklers-bery, in simple time,
But I loue thee, and none but thee.

M: For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue Mistris *Page*.

Fal. I, thou mightst as well say
I loue to walke by the Counter-gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter Mistresse Page.

M: Page. Mistris *Ford*, mistris *Ford*, where are you?

M: For. O Lord step aside good sir *Iohn*.

Falstaffe stands behinde the Arras.

How now Mistris *Page*, what's the matter?

Mis.